SOME

Buds and Blossoms

OF

PIETY

Also, Some

FRUIT

Of the Spirit of

LOVE,

Which Directs to the

Divine Wisdom.

BEING

A Collection of several Papers, written by a Young Man, some of them in the time of his Apprenticeship, some of them at several times since, and the latter part of them in his late Confinement, by a Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo.*

Who, as appears by his Writings, had a true Travail after the Knowledge of God, and Heaven, and Heavenly Things; and did attain to know him, and his Son Christ, whom he hath sent, which is Life Eternal.

To which subjoyned is a Tripple Plea, Touching Law, Physick and Divinitie, Formerly Printed and Subscribed *T. C.*

Also, some Lines written by *J. C.*

London, *Printed and Sold by* Andrew Sowle, 1684.

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Friendly Reader;

IF in these following Lines thou ought espy,
Seemeth not right, not pleasing in thine Eye
Pray be so kind, so courteous and so fare,
Excuse the Author, don't hard on him bare;
For what he wrote, I judge, well did intend,
I pray, his Faults, the Reader to amend.
One while 'twas with him, neither day nor night,
But in the Ev'ning-Tide appeared Light;
And as unto this Light he did take heed,
The Morning Day-Star did arise indeed,
And Sun of Righteousness did shine more clear,
And Truth more plain & obvious did appear.
If some things dark, obscure, seem not to sound,
Pray pass them by, some things herein are found
Both sure & certain Truths, & plain & clear,
As who reads to the end, may find. And here
As I in several Papers did them find,
Present them to thee with an honest Mind,
Believing this, they will no harm produce,
So make them publick to thee for thy use:
And in that Love, wherewith I them present,
Do but receive them, and I am content.

 N. B.

I Thought it well, theſe Lines came to thy Hand,
Thou wouldſt then publiſh, I did underſtand,
Becauſe thou knew'ſt the *Lad*, as from a Child,
Was ſober Bred, Religious bent, not wild.
For unto ſome, acceptable they'l be,
Though many paſs their days in Vanitie,
Not fearing God, not thinking of their end,
Not mattering how their precious time they ſpend,
Sporting themſelves in *Pleaſures* and *Delight*,
In deeds of *Darkneſs*, *Evil Works* o'th' *Night*,
Forgetting ſtill to Judgment they muſt come,
For their bad Deeds receive a heavy doome,
Of *Go ye Curſt, depart from me, I ſay,*
You workers of Iniquity, away:
This is the ſentence, Chriſt the Judge will give
To thoſe in Pleaſures liv'd, dead while they live.

J. C.

The

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The Introduction.

BEfore that Light or Darkneſs did Appear,
When th' Earth lay void, and all things now in't were
As nothing, then Jehovah faſhioned all;
By th' Word Created hee both great and ſmall;
The *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and all i'th' Heavens be,
The *Day*, the *Night*, the *Dry Land*, and the *Sea*;
The Lord Jehovah, hath all theſe things made,
Yea, they were formed by the Word, He ſaid.
But when made God, the Heavens, Earth, and Light,
'Twas i'th' beginning, as doth *Moſes* write.
By th' Word *Beginning*, we muſt underſtand,
Not from Eternity, God made the Land,
Or ought therein, but firſt of all, before
Fiſhes did ſwim or *Fowls* i'th' Air ſoare,
That is, before God did create the Whale,
Which is the firſt of all things Animale,
'Twan't from Eternity the World was made,
But then when time, its firſt beginning had.
And why did *Moſes* write, and thus declare
To us, that theſe things i'th' beginning were?
Firſt, to confute, or that we might not be
Deceiv'd by thoſe maintain its Eternitie;
For if that People ſeriouſly do mind
To know the Truth, i'th' Scriptures they may find,
That from *Eternity*, Eternal none
Is, but Jehovah, who's the Holy One,

Although

Although 'tis ſo, that World to come, we ſay,
Is without End; yet this World goes away,
And as ſome ſay, that what e're had beginning,
As had this World, muſt alſo have an ending.
Some do not ſtick, to ſay, *A Generation*
Of men there were, before Adam's *Creation*,
And that *there was a World, before was he*,
If we them credit, and no further ſee,
Or rather unto *Moſes* Writings may
Incline our Ears to hear what he doth ſay
Concerning the Creation of Mankind:
The firſt man, God created, (as we find)
Was *Adam*, unto whom Dominion he
Had given him, o're *Birds*, *Beaſts*, and *Fiſh* i'th' Sea;
'Twas he to whom God brought the *Fowls* that fly,
And *Creeping things* that on their Bellies lie;
The *Cattel* all, and *Beaſts* both wild and tame
Were brought to *Adam* that he might them name,
By which, mayn't I there Sayings here diſprove;
For was a World, then what did in it move?
Did *Fowls* o'th' Air, *Fiſhes*, and *Beaſts* o'th' Field,
Who gave them Names, and to whom did *Trees* yield
Their Fruit; God gave to *Adam* for to feed
On every Tree and Herb that beareth Seed.
Though *Atheiſts* dream, and *Heatheniſh* People fain
Fabulous like, their Fancies would maintain;
Yet thoſe themſelves deem *Chriſtians*, they ought not
Open their Ears to hear, but rather ſhut
And cloſe their Ears, than hear the Tales of ſuch
Thoſe things do broach, invalid Scripture much.

Concern-

The CONTENTS.

AN Introduction.
Concerning the Works of God.

The Serpents Subtilty.
The Serpents Puniſhment.
The Womans Puniſhment.
The Mans Puniſhment.

Cain *the firſt Murderer about* Religion.
Cain's *Puniſhment.*

To remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.

That Self, more than Adam *is to be blamed for ſinning.*
Several Petitions and Prayers to God, to be taught of him.

Some Directions where to find Wiſdom, *with a Pſalm on her Praiſe. And concerning the manner of her appearing. Alſo, Reproof to thoſe that talk of Righteouſneſs, and live in Sin. And to thoſe that profeſs the Truth, and don't live in the Power of it. With a word to the Haters and Deſpiſers of the Grace of God.*
A Prayer.

An Alphabet of Two Lines.
An Alphabet of One Line.

Concerning Out-ſide Profeſſors.
A Call to Old and Young, to behold the Day of God, now dawned and broken forth.

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Concerning God and Christ bearing the Name of Light. And concerning the Glorious Day of Light.

Concerning divine Love.
An Exhortation to dwell in Love.
Christ the true Light, Christ the Son of Gods Love.
A Salutation of Love to J. C. &c.

Concerning bearing the heavenly Image.
Concerning a Righteous Mans Work, and a Wicked Mans Work; to what each tendeth.

A Complaint against New-England *Professors.*
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Concerning Pride, Avarice and Luxury.
Concerning Temperance, Health and Happiness.
Concerning the Cross of Christ.
Concerning the Souls Travail.
Concerning the breaking forth of the Word and Power of God.
Concerning Gods powerful and glorious Presence.
Concerning Maintenance for the Poor.
Concerning the Uncertainty of Worldly Riches.
A Lamentation and Warning for England. *By the Author,* B. A.

To which is added, A Tripple-Plea, by T. C.
And some Lines written by J. C.

The

Concerning the Works of God.

HOw doth the **Sun** and **Moon**, God's work declare?
The glittering **Stars**, which in the Heavens are;
The **Hills**, the **Mountains**, and the **Valleys** low,
The *Works* of *God*, and his great Power do ſhow:
The **Woods**, the **Trees**, the **Buſhes**, and the **Bowers**,
The **Herbs**, the **Graſs**, and all the *Garden* **Flowers**;
The *Tender* **Plants**, which from the Earth do ſpring,
Praiſes to God from time to time do ſing;
The rowling foaming **Waves** his Might do ſhow,
The Hard congealed **Ice**, and Milk-white **Snow**;
The **Fountains**, and the **Meadows** every one,
The running **Brooks**, and clear **Springs** make him known:
The **Fowls** o'th' Air, the **Birds** in time of Spring
Moſt ſweet melodious Harmonies do ſing.
The roaring **Lyon**, and the **Unicorn**,
The firey **Dragon**, all God's Power adorn.

Diſobedience the firſt Sin of the World.

BEhold the ſubtil **Serpent's** Subtilneſs,
Who to the **Woman**, thus made his Addreſs,
Saying unto **Her**, *Hath God ſaid unto thee,*
Thou ſhalt not eat o'th' Fruit on every Tree?
Then ſaid the Woman, thus to him indeed,
The Lord hath given unto us to feed
On every Tree, ſave that i'th' midſts doth ſtand,
To which **We** *may in no wiſe lift our Hand,*

Leſt

Leſt that We *dye.* The Serpent he ſaid, *No,*
Ye ſhall not dye at all; But God doth know
That when Ye *eat* Thereof, *then* Ye *ſhall ſee,*
And like to Gods, (knowing Good and Evil) be.
The Tree being good, and pleaſant to the Eyes,
A Tree to be deſir'd to make one wiſe,
She took the Fruit thereof, did eat, ſaying, *Lo,*
Take this, O Husband. He did eat alſo,
Their Eyes being open'd, knew they naked were,
And to make Breeches, Fig-Leaves did prepare.
Soon after this, the Voice of God They hear,
Walking i'th' *Garden,* which made Them to fear.

The Serpent's Puniſhment.

THe Serpent's puniſh'd three wayes, Firſt,
He of all Creatures moſt is curſt;
Next, on His Belly goes, not feet;
And Laſt, the Duſt o'th' Earth muſt eat.

The Woman's Puniſhment.

IN Sorrow thy Conceptions are,
In Sorrow Thou ſhalt Children bare;
To Man ſhall Thy deſires be,
Thy Husband ſhall rule over Thee.

The Man's Puniſhment.

ADam, that did his Eve obey,
And do the thing which God ſaid *Nay.*

The

The *Ground* was *curſed* for **His** *Sin*,
Then *Thorns* and *Thiſtles* grow therein;
In Sorrow all his days muſt eat,
With ſweat o'th' Brows, his Bread, his Meat,
Till to the Earth, thou go, thou Duſt,
For thereunto return, thou muſt.

Cain was the firſt Murderer about Religion.

CAin was the firſt, we read of Till'd the Land,
And Abel us'd oft by the Flock to ſtand;
And in proceſs of time, Cain hap't to take
O'th' Fruit o'th' Ground, an *Offering* for to make
Unto the Lord; and Abel brought alſo
The Firſtlings of the Flock, and Fat, to go
To offer up to God, who did reſpect
HIS Sacrifice: But Cain's he did reject.
Then Cain was Wrath, his Countenance ſoon chang'd,
Thus ſaid the Lord to him, *Why art thou ſtrange?*
If well thou *doſt*, thou *ſhalt accepted be*;
If ill thou *doſt*, *Sin at* thy *Door doth lie.*
Soon after that, Cain talk'd with Abel, when
They were i'th' Field, he ſlew his Brother, then
Thus ſaid the Lord to Cain, *What haſt done? I,*
The voice o'th' Brothers Blood from th' Earth hear cry.
But how hap't this? or what's the cauſe I pray,
That Cain his Brother Abel, thus did ſlay?
'Twas *Envy*, for in that he did proceed
To execute this *Bloody treacherous deed*,
Becauſe the Lord, the Sacrifice of Cain
Rejected, and accepted his, was ſlain.

Cain's Punishment.

WHat *Punishment*, to **Cain** was sent,
And what *Plague*, fell upon
Him, *Curst* was he, of God, to be
For e're a *Vagabon*.

REmember thy **Creator** in the *prime*
O'th' Youth, before the *Evil dayes* or *time*
Come, when thou'lt say, *I take no Pleasure in*
The Years and Days that lately I have seen.
Whilst *Light* o'th' *Sun*, o'th' *Moon*, o'th' *Stars* remain,
Before the *Clouds* return, after the Rain;
That's whilst thy Eyes lend to thy Body light,
As doth the *Sun* by day, the *Moon* by night;
Or *Cloud* return after the Rain, (that is)
Before *stark Blindness*, as a *dark Cloud* seize,
Upon thine Eyes, when many a *woful Tear*,
With Humors, have them washt from *Year* to *Year*,
When the House-keepers, and the strong men all
Shall bow themselves, and tremble like to fall.
The *Grinders* cease, because they are but few,
And those look out o'th' Windows, dark shall shew.
The strong men are the Legs, as Pillars stands
The keepers of the House, the Arms and Hands
Which with the *Palsie* waggel, shake and shiver
The Legs, though Props, shall tremble, bow and quiver.
And in the *Street*, the *Door* then shut shall be,
When noise (or sound) o'th' Grindings low, and he

At Voice o'th' *little Bird* ſhall riſe, and all
His *ſinging Daughters*, their attention fall;
That's when thy *Ears* have paſt *Muſical* ſeaſon,
And can't attend to hear, *Deafneſs* the reaſon.
The Door without, that is the *Mouth*, ſo faint
As can't be open'd, but by ſome conſtraint.
The riſing up at voice o'th' *Bird*, doth ſhow
Old Age is wakened, even with Cock-crow.
When *Men* ſhall be afraid of that is high,
And likewiſe in the Way, they fear eſpy;
That's when they climb, *Fear* doth poſſeſs them, and
They *ſtumble* likewiſe on the *Plain* they ſtand.
When th' *Almond Tree* ſhall flouriſh, that (i'le ſhow)
Is when thy *Head*, ſhall with *white Fleeces* grow.
When the *Graſhoppers* ſhall a burden be,
That's when thy *Legs*, *gouty* are, and *craſie*.
When all *Concupiſcience* from thee's gone quite,
That to thy *Meat*, thou haſt ſmall Appetite.
Or e're the *Silver Cord* be loos'd, or ſlack't,
Or *Golden Bowle* be broke, or *Pitcher* crack't;
Or *Wheel* at *Ceſtern* broke, that is, ſaith one,
The nervous Pinacles to th' Urine gone.
The *Silver Cord*, the *Back-Bone* ſtretched out,
And *golden Bowle*, the *Heart*, whence *Life* doth ſprout.
The *Pitcher* broke, at *Fountain* doth narrate,
The heat o'th' *Liver* loſt, the *Stomachs* fate.

THough Sin at firſt, on all, through Adam came;
Yet let not him, (but Self) bare all the blame.
For as I heard, perhaps the thing was true;
A *Rich Man*, to a *Poor Man*, this did ſhew,
Set him to work, who dig'd i'th' Ditch apace,
Till ſweat o'th' Brows did trickle down his Face;
Then toſſing up the Earth with *Shou'l* or *Spade*,
This Cry did utter, and theſe Words he ſaid,
O Adam! Adam! Adam! And hard-by
His Maſter walking, thus did hear him cry,
And to him call'd; *Friend, why doſt* Adam *blame*?
O Sir! (ſaid he) I need not tell the ſame,
'Tis full well known how I by Adam's fall,
Not only I, but *We* his *Offſpring* all;
As he himſelf, with ſweat o'th' Face i'th' Duſt
Muſt work, ſince he from Paradiſe was thruſt.
Had he not ſin'd, we'd not ſubjected bin,
Think I to work i'th' Earth: But for his *Sin*
God ſent him forth to Till the Earth: He came
From it, and to't he muſt return again.
Thou Adam *blames; but how if in his ſtead*
Thou wert, then thou wouldſt do juſt as he *did.*
For this obſerve, theſe Words *I ſpeak to* thee,
Caſt down thy Spade, leave Work, and follow me.
If my Command *and* Precept *thou'lt obey,*
Two ſtrokes of Work thou ſhalt not do all day;
But live at eaſe, and from thy Labour ceaſe,
Taking thy Reſt in Safety and in Peace.

If this my one Command *thou keep, 'tis ſmall,*
Thou ſhalt not want for any thing, but all
Thou canſt deſire, to thee *I'le freely give,*
And thou *as 'twere in* Paradiſe *ſhalt live.*
Thou at my Table ſhalt ſet down to Meat,
And eke Diurnal of my Banquets eat
Of Diſhes rare, of every Meſs but one,
Which ſhall be cover'd, look not thereon;
I mean not that thou *may not ſee th' out-ſide,*
But don't uncover't; in thy *place abide;*
Luſt not to know what 'tis, but do refrain
From touching it, if I thee entertain:
Then if thou *doſt this* one Command *obey,*
And keep my Precept, thou *ſhalt with me ſtay,*
Living at Eaſe, with Comfort, Joy and Pleaſure,
Riſe when thou *wilt, and lie down at* thy *pleaſure.*
Touch not the Meſs, the Diſh uncover not,
But let it ſtand alway cloſ'd up and ſhut.
So whilſt thou doſt this my Command *obey,*
Within my Houſe thou *may'ſt be ſure to ſtay:*
But if my Precept *thou do not obſerve,*
But diſobey, and from my Counſel *ſwerve,*
Then of my Dainties rare, thou *mayſt not feed,*
But from my Houſe ſhalt be expel'd indeed.

So, for ſome time, this Poor Man he remain'd
Within the Houſe, being bravely entertain'd;
For he had all his Heart could well deſire,
Food in due ſeaſon; when cold, a good Fire;
If weary, then a Bed, his Bones to reſt:
Surely (thinks he) now I am greatly bleſt!

But on a time, when he to *Dinner* went,
Sate down at *Table*, none being there preſent.
Then in his mind it ſecretly did ſpring,
This is the time to ſee what's in this thing:
So up he ſtarts, the *Diſh* uncovers, then
Out leaps a *Mouſe*, away it runs; and when
He ſees this *Meſs*, no other Rarity had
Forbidden Fruit, to take, doth make him ſad.
In comes his Maſter, who brought him to his Houſe;
What now! (ſaith he) *Why ſad? Haſt ſeen the Mouſe?*
Yea, (quoth the Man) I in the *Diſh* did peep,
And ſuddainly a *Mouſe* there out did leap.
So ſays his Lord, *Now ſee, leave off for ſhame,*
No more blame Adam, Self's *only to blame:*
When Adam *ſin'd, from Paradiſe he went:*
So haſt thou *now broke my Commandment,*
And from my Houſe *and* Table thou *muſt go,*
Becauſe what in the Diſh *was,* thou *wouldſt know.*

Couldſt thou have been contented in thy place,
Thou happy wert; but now art in diſgrace,
And to thy *Work i th' Ground, with ſweat o'th' Brow,*
Return again, thy Mind *to digging bow;*
And learn for time to come, content to be,
When placed where thou *mayſt live ſo happily;*
And learn for time to come, not Adam *blame,*
But Self, Self do, Self have, *'tis ſtill the ſame.*
If this be ſo, although the caſe was ſad,
Yet 'twas no more than his Deſert he had.

TEach me, O Lord, thy **Fear**, which will begin
Wisdom in me, and lead me from my **Sin**.

Teach me, O Lord, thy **Truth**, and I thy Fame
Will spread abroad, trusting in th' holy Name.

Teach me, O Lord, of **One Accord** to be
And of **One mind**, with **Those** that **Trust in Thee**.

Teach me, O Lord, that I acquainted may
Be with the **Children** of the **Light** and **Day**.

Teach me, O Lord, by thine **Admonishment**,
In all estates, fully to be **Content**.

Teach me, O Lord, for to rehearse thy **Acts**,
And let my Hands commit no **Bloody Facts**.

Teach me, O Lord, according to thy Will,
To ask in **Faith**, that thou my Heart may fill.

Teach me, O Lord, my Wayes for to amend,
And grant I may to **Idols** never bend.

Teach me, O Lord, when **Vain Thoughts** do arise,
I Christian-like by Prayer them surprise.

Teach me, O Lord, by thy **Eternal** Might
Against thy Foes, couragiously to fight.

Teach me, O Lord, that I may never **Mock**
At **Sin** as Fools, nor be a *Laughing-stock*.

Teach me, O Lord, **Offences** for to take;
Yea, **ten times** told, rather than **once one** make.

Teach me, O Lord, as I desire of **Thee**
To be forgiven, to **Forgive Injurie.**

Teach me, O Lord, to slight all **Earthly Toyes,**
And let my Heart be fixt on **Heavenly Joyes**

Teach me, O Lord, a **true account** to give,
Even of my **Stewardship** whilst that I live.

Teach me, O Lord, that I my **Sins** to thee
May all **confess,** and by Christ be set free.

Teach me, O Lord, by **Divine Inspiration,**
To sound thy Praise, amidst a **Crooked Nation.**

Teach me, O Lord, that **what** in Hand I take,
With **wisdom** I accomplishment may make.

Teach me, O Lord, **Ambitious Pride** to shun,
That nought may be **Mis-***thought*, **Mis-***said*, **Mis-***done.*

Some Breathings of Love, *which truly do move*
Unto ſuch, that do Wiſdom *deſire,*
Declaring the Way, *in which* Wiſdom *may*
Be found of thoſe, for Her *enquire.*

WHo ſeeks for **Wiſdom**, and would **Virtue** find?
A ſecret Treaſure, and a quiet Mind,
A fruitful **City**, and a pleaſant Hill,
Whoſe glorious Proſpect *Sharon's* **Roſe** doth fill,
Dropping down **Virtues** Diſtillations ſweet,
Cooling the Sons of **Zions** ardent heat,
Whoſe ſtrong Deſires, as lively Sparks aſpire
Still upwards, as doth naturally the Fire.
Its Scituation towards the *Eaſt* doth ſtand,
(Or riſing of the *Sun*) its Soil or Land;
Its Firtile, Pleaſant, Amiable and Faire,
Which *Baſhan's* **Oaks**, and *Lebanon's* **Cedars** bare,
With all the ſtately **Trees** o'th' *Forreſt*, and
The choiceſt Garden-**Spices**, in this Land
Do grow, as **Myrrh**, **Spiknard** and **Cinamon**;
With Trees of **Mence**, **Calamus** and **Saffron**.
A goodly Place 'tis, pleaſant to the Eyes,
A Place to be deſir'd, where dwell the **Wiſe**,
And **Prudent Minds**, who value **Vertue** more
Than *precious Stones*, or *Gold* within the *Ore*;
Becauſe compar'd unto **Her**, all things are
But Droſs and Dung. A **Spotleſs Virgin** faire,

In whose Right-hand is *Time*, with length of Dayes,
Her Left-hand *Honour*, *Riches*; all her *Wayes*
Are *Paths* of *perfect Peace*, and Pleasantness
With her's great Treasure; Joy She doth possess:
A Crown Immortal on her Head, she wears,
Deckt with bright *Diamonds*, like to glittering *Stars*.
Her Tyer is rich, her Necklace of pure Gold;
Her Bracelets fill'd, with precious *Pearls* ne'er told,
For number, numberless, innumerable,
Unto all Vertuous Minds most delectable.
This is that Queen of Wisdom, who her finds,
A greater Treasure hath, than all Earth's Mines
Of *Gold* and *Silver*: For shee'l guide thy Way
From *Darkness* gross, unto *Light's* perfect Day.
Who doth her seek, assuredly may find
Her in the Closet of an *Humble Mind*,
In which she dwells, darting her Beams of Light
Into the Heart, that she discover might,
The crooked Paths, and sinful Wayes, wherein
The simple Soul, a Captive long hath bin,
To free the Soul, that if it will, it may
Refuse Night Darkness, and embrace Light's Day.
O! then come all, who Wisdom doth desire,
And thus, as once I did, for her enquire,
Who sought not long for her; but she reveal'd
Her dwelling in my Heart had been conceal'd.

To

TO wiſdom I my Mind will bend,
And Underſtanding ſhe will ſend
To me; for on her I'le depend,
And ſhe alone ſhall be my Joy.

I'le ſeek for her, and ſhe will be
A *Guide*, delightful unto me,
Walking i'th Paths of Equitie;
With her alone will I rejoyce.

Where e're I do her Works eſpye,
They are delightful to mine Eye,
For ſhe's of Aſſiduity.
With thoſe that on her do depend.

She's better than the *Silver* fine,
And Richer than the *Golden* Mine;
As bright as *Sol* himſelf doth ſhine:
With her dwells *Immortality*.

I'le prize her more, than Gold moſt pure,
And on her, would be fixed ſure;
For ſhe's a Rock that will endure,
And converſant with Elohim.

She's Comly, Beautiful and Faire;
All precious Pearls, cannot compare,
To her a *Tree of Life* ſo rare,
And ſhe alone will I exalt.

THus seeking **Wisdom**, **Wisdom** as a Light
Within my Heart, appear'd most glorious bright.
Like to the splendor of the glorious Sun,
Expelling *Clouds*, and causing *Mists* to run
Like scorched *Scrowls*, and vanish quite away,
That *Truth* and *Righteousness* might now display
Its self, and put forth *Fruits* o'th' *heavenly Vine*,
Against the which the *Esaubites* combine:
But let them know, their *Combinations* are
To *Samson*'s strength, no better than a Hair.
The **Stone** cut out of the Mountain without Hands,
Must now increase, and greatly fill our Lands,
Assuredly, on whom this **Stone** doth fall,
Its ponderous weight, to Powder grind them shall.
But they are happy: Fall upon this **Stone**
Whose Hearts are broke, with true Contrition,
They shall be mollified with *holy Oyle*,
And by the **Lamb's Blood**, cleans'd from *Filth* and *Soyle*,
That they as *Virgins* pure, array'd in White,
Prepar'd may be, to walk in **Wisdom's** Light,
which shineth in their Hearts, who **It** obey,
Even more and more, unto the perfect Day.
Yea, **Wisdom** cryes without, **her** Voice i'th' Street
She utters loud, the Simple for to meet.
And turn them from that Way, to Death doth lead,
Wherein, like to Post, they haste with speed,
Calling amongst the press of all desiring,
And thronged croud of Thoughts, that *We* retiring

May

May ſeek for Wiſdom: O! *ye Fools*, ſaith ſhe,
Why will ye dye? Return, return to me,
That I my Mind *may pour out to you, and*
May give you Knowledge, for to underſtand
Dark Words, and prudent Sayings of the wiſe
With Parables, in Wiſdom *to ſurmiſe.*
And recreate your ſelves, with Solace ſweet,
That to embrace her in your Hearts you meet;
Then keep her, and to you ſhe'l be a Guide,
Receive her in your Hearts, and ſhe'l abide,
And to your *Souls*, with *Knowledge* bring delight,
And cauſe you through her *Counſel* walk upright.
O! ſeek her early, while ſhe may be found;
She oft Inſtruction, with Reproof doth ſound,
To thoſe her ſeeks, that they may underſtand
The Fear of God, is the Beginning, and
Firſt *Gate of Entrance*, to that *City* where
None but the Sons of Vertue do appear,
Who ſought for Wiſdom, more then Gold refin'd,
And till they found her, could not reſt in mind,
But rove from *Hills*, to *barren Mountains*, where
Like *ſcattered Sheep*, amongſt the *Wolves* they were
Grievouſly bitten, pritcht and torn with Thorns,
Yea, often puſht with *Baſhan's Bulls* Braſs-Horns,
Till almoſt tyr'd, yet at laſt did appear;
Where think you? even in their Hearts, moſt near
The proper Habitation of her Reſt,
That thoſe who ſeek, may of her be poſſeſt.
Who ſo doth find her, hold her faſt, be ſure,
For ſhe's a Rock, that will for e're endure;

A hiding Place, a Covert, and ſtrong Tower,
Whereto the *Righteous* run, God's Arm of Power,
His Word, by which all things created were,
That in the Heavens, Earth, Sea and Land are.
A Queen; before the *Depths*, with Honour crown'd,
And Virgin fair, for Beauty moſt renown'd.
He that approach into her preſence will,
Muſt *Self-deny*, *Self-mortifie* and *kill*,
And enter with the patient Crown of *Job*,
And ſhe will cloath thee with a princely Robe.

Wouldſt thou her bleſſed Company enjoy,
Then bid adue, to all *Luſts* baſe annoy.
If thou deſireſt to have her for thy Friend,
With Peace towards all, what may be, thy Mind bend:
For where is Peace, there Wiſdom may be found;
But where is Strife, can any thing be ſound?
She is a Virgin of more purer Eyes,
Than to behold *Sin's* baſe Deformities.
She is a precious Pearl, and valued high:
Come, who can part with all, thou may her buy.
Stay, I'm not bought with Money; nay (ſaith ſhe)
Come, buy; come buy without Price; I am free;
Come, buy ye *Milk* and *Honey*, is My Call;
Come, buy *without Price*, 'tis free for you all:
Why ſpend you *Labour*, for that is not Food,
And *Strength* for that which will not do you good?
Awake, *awake*, 'tis high time, ope' your Eyes,
Obey Chriſt's Voice, let Wiſdom's Light ariſe

Within your Hearts, that checks for Evil; and
Be ſure *Obedience* yield to Its Command,
That as a Sword and Hammer, by great Power
It may ſmite down, and as a Fire devour
The Stubble; for I know the Lord demands
The Fruits of Righteouſneſs at all your hands,
You great Profeſſors, that long time have been
Talking of Righteouſneſs, but found in Sin.

And you who to God's Light and Truth confeſs,
Have felt its Virtue, yet do not poſſes
It in you: I a word of Exhortation
Unto you give, make you the Application.
Conſider, *Firſt*, why God diſcovers Sin.
(The ſtrait Gate) and broad VVay the VVorld walks in,
Vain Cuſtoms, Pride, Hypocriſie, Deceit.
(Truth, Righteouſneſs and ſound VVords, theſe more meet
Are your Profeſſion to accompany,
Yea, perfect Fruits of true Chriſtianity)
As thoſe, who in the Life of Chriſt do dwell,
Experimentally to you can tell.
Are not theſe things thus laid before your Eyes,
That you the beſt may chuſe, the worſt deſpiſe?

And now, a word to you that hate the Light,
And to Gods gracious Spirit do deſpite,
'Counting that an Unholy thing, and Low,
A Natural Light, which doth to all men ſhow
Their ſecret Sins; a Common Grace, whereby
There's no Salvation: thus you villifie

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Chriſts precious Blood, that on the Croſs was ſhed
For your Redemption, who through ſins are dead,
Counting Gods only Son, our Prince and King,
The Lamb, Chriſt Jeſus, an Unholy thing;
Deſpiſing Gods Free Grace and tender Love,
That in your Hearts from time to time hath ſtrove,
Calling that Natural Light and Common Grace,
VVhich gives true Knowledge of God in the Face
Of Jeſus Chriſt, Gods Covenant of Light
Unto the *Gentiles*, and his Arm of Might,
By which, Salvation he doth work for all,
To th' ends o'th' Earth, that on his Name do call.

*B*ut Lord! who hath this our Report receiv'd?
And who hath in thy Chriſt, the Light believ'd?
And to whom is thy powerful Arm made bare,
And Out-ſtretched Hand, by which all Nations are
Invited and allured by thy Love,
To taſte o'th' Bread of Life, comes from above,
And drink abundantly; for now Chriſt ſays,
He that believes in Me, though dead, I'le raiſe:
I am the Reſurrection, Life and Light,
Believe in me to Day, before the Night
Of Darkneſs nigh, o're ſpread your Land, wherein
That Light once ſhin'd, which manifeſted Sin,
And ſecretly reprov'd, when none was nigh,
The Evil to diſcover or diſcry.
This was Gods Love, and is his Grace to all,
Which ne'er conſents to Evil, but doth call

From

From Sin to God, from Darkneſs to Light clear,
Breaks down Partition Walls, and ſo draws near
To God and Chriſt, by Love's ſtrong tying Band,
Againſt the which, the Gates of Hell can't ſtand.
Its Strength's ſo great, it Armies over-powers;
Its Scent more ſweet than Garden ſpiced Bowers;
Its Nature ſuch, makes ſtoney Hearts to bleed,
Forgives its Foes, its Enemies doth feed;
Seeks not Revenge, but puts up Injuries,
Forgives and covers Faults, and ſo diſcryes
Its heavenly pure divine immortal Birth,
From that below, born and brought forth i'th' Earth,

ARiſe, O Lord, in this the mighty Day
Of thy great Power, and richly do diſplay
Thy glorious Light and Truth abroad this Land,
That all, both Old and Young, may underſtand
The Riches of thy matchleſs conquering Love,
Thou God of Glory! who doſt dwell above,
To whom, on well tun'd Inſtruments let's ſing
Praiſes and Honour: Glory to our King,
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A Princely Tribe all Wiſdom's Children are,
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A Precious Light in all Hearts doth ariſe,
Take heed thereto, be ſure, all who be wiſe.

BElieve in Chriſt the Light, who checks for Evil,
God's mighty Power in all to ſlay the Devil.

CAnſt thou, O man! complain for want of Power?
When God's Love, Light and Free Grace, every hour

DOth in thy Heart for Truth and Juſtice call,
That thou mayſt be redeemed from the Fall.

EXamin well thy Heart, and thou mayſt ſee
God's Love, Light and Free Grace is great to thee.

FOr oftentimes a Light, thou can't deny,
Within thine Heart doth Wickedneſs diſcry.

GReat is Its Power, for this I right-well know,
Could *Satan* with Hell-Gates It overthrow,

HE would by no means ſuffer That to be,
Makes known his dark Deceit ſo perfectlie.

INnto that Light then, let thy Mind return,
Which as conſuming Fire all Droſs will burn.

KEep low in It, and It will purge thee ſo,
Thou ſhalt appear more White than driven Snow.

LIke one of *Sion's* Sons in Righteouſneſs,
Whoſe Robes are *Grace* and *Truth*, a comly Dreſs.

MInd, mind that Light, all who deſire to be
Freed from the Bondage of Iniquitie.

NO other Power but Chriſt, Gods Sons of Love,
Can from the Bondage of Corruption move.

O! That mens Eyes were open'd to behold
Gods Light and Love, more worth than fineſt Gold.

PRepare your Hearts, this Tydings to receive,
Great Joy and Gladneſs to all thoſe believe.

QUake, Quake, ye Stout, before this Light to ſtand,
Which is the Thunders of Gods great Command.

RAiſe up your Forts, and let your Trench be caſt,
Call all your ſtrong, prepare to War, make haſte;

SEt up your Standard, and your Enſign ſhow,
Sound *Babel's* Alarm, and her Trumpet blow.

THis is the Day the Lord of Hoſt will be
A King in Zion, and ſet *Iſrael* free.

UNto the Lord, ye Lambs of **Light**, ſing Praiſe,
Now and forever, bleſs his Name always.

WO to the ſtout and lofty Cedars tall,
Who hate the **Light**, and ſlight Gods **Mercies** all.

YOu ſtubborn hearted Ones, who ſtill perſiſt
To ſmite the **Harmleſs** with a bloody Fiſt,

ZEalouſly will the Lord in flames of Fire
Render you Vengeance in his dreadful Ire.

ADAM by **Sin** brought Death o're all Mankind,
But **Chriſt** is come, to quicken *Soul* or *Mind*.
CAIN did his Righteous Brother **Abel** ſlay;
Deſtruction comes on all, walk in his Way.
EVE, ſhe the ſubtil *Serpent's* Voice obey'd,
forbidden Fruit did eat, ſo was betray'd.
GOD curſt the *Serpent*, Duſt muſt be **his** Meat,
He on the ſame all dayes on's Life muſt eat.
JOSEPH was by his Brethren ſold away,
Kindred unkind, their Brother thus betray:
Little they dream'd, when it they did effect,
Might come the time, to **Jo.** they muſt ſubject.
No other Project would theſe **Men** content,
Only poor **Joſeph** from them muſt be ſent,
Poſted away into dark *Ægypt's* Land,
Quite from his Country, yet in this, God's Hand

Right

R ight well is ſeen. Poor *Joſeph* he became
S o great in *Ægypt* as to rule the ſame
T his was his Portion, he the Lord did fear,
U nto Temptation would not yield, nor hear:
W hat did his Miſtris unto him propoſe,
Y ou ſee deny'd the ſame, and would not cloſe,
Z ealouſly bent 'gainſt Sin, did her oppoſe.

To Out-ſide Profeſſors.

YOu great Profeſſors, who poſſeſſors are
Of earthly Riches, but of heavenly bare;
Why do Ye thus for Husks and Shels contend,
Figures and Shadows, which muſt have an end?

TO Rich, to Poor, to Old, to Young, to all
I ſound Alarm, and with loud Voice call,
Awake, awake, rouſe up, ye Slugs ariſe,
Shake off the *Duſt*, with Eye-ſalve 'noint your Eyes,
That you this great and glorious Day ſo nigh
Approaching, yea, now Dawned may eſpy,
In which Gods Promiſes fulfilled are,
Of which the holy Prophets did declare
How that i'th' latter Dayes the Lord would be
A God to Jacob, his Captivitie.
Return, and eke *Jeruſal'ms* Walls rebuild
(I'th' Cituation of a pleaſant Field)

And that Mount **Zion's** holy Hill ſhould be
Above all Hills exalted in Glorie,
To which the Nations round about ſhould flow,
And many People ſay, Come let us go
Unto the **Mountain** of the houſe o'th' Lord,
That he may **teach** us, and with one accord
We in **his Wayes** may walk. From **Zion** ſhall
The Law proceed, and Gods **Word** unto all
Within the New-*Jeruſalem* plain be heard,
That he may Reverenc'd be, obey'd and fear'd,
Who ſhall judge Nations: many **he** rebukes,
And makes them beat **Spears** into **Pruning-Hooks**,
And **Swords** to **Plow-Shares**; Nations ſhall not learn
To **War**, nor lift up Hand to fight again.
The time draws near, theſe things fulfilled muſt be,
And happy are they that theſe things ſhall ſee.
For Chriſt is come, mens **Lives** not to deſtroy,
But them to **Save**; and this is cauſe of Joy:
He is not come to **kill** men, but give **Life**,
And free from **that** which is the cauſe of Strife,
That men may live in **Unity** and **Peace**,
And **Amity**; and **Wars** and **Blood-ſhed** ceaſe.

A Time of Darkneſs o're this Land has bin,
So thick, ſo dark, ſo groſs becauſe of *Sin*,
That many People **Truth** will not receive,
That God is **Light**, nor in his **Son** believe;
Although the Scriptures amply do declare,
That God and Chriſt the Name of **Light** do bare.

And firſt concerning God, who all things made
By his eternal powerful **Word**, **He ſaid**,
Let it be ſo, and ſo it came to paſs,
That all in Heaven, and Earth created was.

This God is **Light**, and in the **Light** doth dwell,
As doth the holy Scriptures plainly tell:
In many places you may plainly find,
Who read the Scriptures with an humble Mind,
And that his Son our Chriſt, who is the Lamb,
Is call'd the **Light**, who from God's Boſom came
To lead Man up to God out of the Fall,
In which through Sin we are concluded all;
And ſo through **Sin**, in **Death** and **Darkneſs** be,
Till by the **Light** of Chriſt we are ſet free,
Who came to lead, all thoſe that him obey,
Out of the Night, into the perfect Day.

O bleſſed Day! O glorious Day of **Light**,
Which conquers Darkneſs, and expels the Night.
Bleſt be time in which thy **Day-Star** bright,
And Morning redneſs of **Eternal** Light,
Our Hearts did viſit, and by ſplendant Rayes
Reveal the Glory of theſe latter Dayes,
In which the Lord of Hoſt, our God moſt-high,
According to his Promiſe, doth draw nigh
Unto his People, and their **King** will be,
And by his powerful out-ſtretch'd **Arm** ſet free.

His Sons and Daughters, who long Captives were
Under oppreſſing **Pharoah**, and did beare
The heavy **Yokes**, oppreſſing **Burdens**, and
Increaſing **Taſks** of black dark **Egypt's** Land.

Of Divine Love.

WHat ſhall I ſay of **Love**, the chiefeſt Good?
'Tis Bread of **Life**, the Soul's Cœleſtial Food;
The bleſſed **Manſion** of Eternity,
The Reſidence, and **Dwelling** of the high
And lofty One, the **New-Jeruſ'lem** bright,
Fill'd with that glorious Splendor and great Light,
Which doth the ſeven-fold **Light** o'th' Sun tranſcend,
Which **Light** tranſparent, never ſhall have end.

O depth of **Love**, and boundleſs **Ocean** wide!
Under the ſhadow of thy Wings us hide,
And keep us, Lord, in perfect Reſt and Peace,
Shower down thy Mercies, make all Diſcords ceaſe;
Reveal thy **Light**, thy glorious **Truth** make known,
And by thy conquering **Love** bind all in one,
That in a Oneneſs all may ſing amain,
Jehovah-King, on Earth, in us doth Reign.

An Exhortation to dwell in Love.

DWell Friends in Love, and then no Strife will be;
Nay, nor Contention, but a Unitie:
For Love in all things doth for Oneneſs call,
Thinking no Evil, but pure good to all;
Yea, Love is God, and God is Love and Light,
Fulneſs of Pleaſure, Joy and great Delight;
Dwell ye therein, and ye ſhall witneſs, Friends,
Such ſweet Enjoyments can't be writ by Pens:
For ſince the Lord in mercy hath made known
This Diſpenſation of his Love, and ſhown
To me its Vertue, and choice Nature pure,
To ye with boldneſs, this I dare aſſure,
That Love's the higheſt Diſpenſation, yea,
That ever hath, or will diſpenſed be.

Chriſt the true Light.
Chriſt the Son of God's Love.

DWell in the Light, and there true Love will be;
Dwell in true Love, and great Light ye ſhall ſee;
For in the Light, there true Love doth abound,
And in the Love, there true Light may be found:
For Light and Love, though they ſeem two by Name,
Yet one, in Subſtance, and in truth the ſame.

DEar Friend J. C. with true unfeigned Love
I thee ſalute, which in my Heart doth move
Towards thee, and all our tender Friends moſt dear,
Whoſe Minds are ſtaid on God, in his pure fear.
Feel me, dear Friend, a Member joyntly knit
To all, in Chriſt, in heavenly Places ſit;
And here to Friends no Stranger would I be,
Though they my Face, as outward, ne're did ſee.
For truly Friend, I dearly love and own
All travelling Souls, who truly ſigh and groan
For the Adoption, which ſets free from Sin,
And works Redemption, from that ſtate wherein
The Prince o'th' Power of Darkneſs long did reign:
But bleſt be God the time's at hand, a Chain
In utter Darkneſs muſt his Portion be,
There to be bound, and never more ſet free.

O! all the Riches that are here below,
Pomp, State and Glory, man eſteemeth ſo:
What is It all? if I It once compare
Unto a Child, that doth Gods Image bare,
But Duſt and Dung, yea, filthy Dirt and Mire,
To pureſt Gold refined in the Fire.
How can I then but dearly love and own
Thoſe precious Members, which are Bone of Bone,
And prize their preſence, and enjoyment more
Than Butts of Wine, and Oyl, and Barns of Store.

The

THe man that lives in Sin, walks in the Night,
And ſpends his dayes in Darkneſs, not in Light.
A righteous man his Works to Life do tend,
But wicked men their Minds to Strife do bend.
Avoid the Ways of Satan, they're not right,
But trace the Steps o'th' Juſt, which Shine as Light.
Comfort the Comfortleſs in time of need;
Diſtribute to the Poor, and Hungry feed.

A Complaint againſt New-England Profeſſors.

O Sad! New-England, I have heard ſtrange News
concerning Thee; Why didſt Thou thus abuſe
Gods Children dear, Male and Female? Surely
Their Blood Thou Slew, and Hang'd, aloud doth cry
Unto the Lord, who will avenge the ſame
Upon Thy Head, (A Record to thy ſhame)
A ſhameful thing indeed! what ſhall I ſay?
You are the ſtock of *Cain*; this was his way.
Your cruel Works, Your hardned Hearts make known
Your *Babel* great, muſt to the Earth be thrown;
Your boaſtings high, like *Caparnaum* tall
Muſt all come down; your Pride ſhall have a fall.
You that ſo cruel and mercileſs were,
The Vengeance of Almighty God muſt bear.

Concerning Perſecution.

SInce Abel's time unto this preſent day
There is an Evil that hath born great ſway,
An Evil Great, A Horrid and Black Sin,
Call'd Perſecution: All that walk therein,
What e're they ſay, profeſs or do pretend,
By Perſecution People to amend;
Yet none of them could ever make appear
Coercive Means was a good Courſe to ſtere;
It ne're did Mend, but rather always Mar;
Who e're harpt on that ſtring ſtill made a Jar;
IT is a hateful, foul, deſtructive thing:
To King nor People, It ne're good can bring:
The Work and Fruit thereof, as many write,
Nought elſe produceth, but a Hypocrite.
I think it ſtrange, why ſome ſhould pleaſure take,
And Toil themſelves, but Hypocrites to make.
It is work that Marks all in it are,
With Mark and Badge of Satan, which they weare,
The Mark o'th' Fleſh, and Birth that's from below,
A Badge with which all Perſecutors go.
For as it was, ſo ſtill it is, I ſay,
The Fleſhly Birth the Spirits Birth would ſlay.
Nothing more certain is, the Mark and Seat
O'th' wicked Whore, than Perſecution great:
Nothing the mark of the falſe Church more plain,
Than Reformation per force to maintain.

Nothing

Nothing more plain is writ in Letters Red
Than Antichriſt, where they mens Blood do ſhed
About Religion, and Religious things;
This is a truth; Conviction with it brings,
To all that ſober, ſerious, moderate are,
It is an Argument great weight will beare;
For Chriſt commanded, that the Wheat and Tare
Should grow together till the Harveſt were.
The Tares to be pluckt up he gave no leave,
Leſt that thereby the Wheat ſhould hurt receive.
He alſo told to his Diſciples all,
When that from Heaven they would Fire call,
They did not know nor underſtand aright
What ſpirit they were of; for his delight
Was, Mens Lives for to ſave, and not to kill;
For this end did he come, to do Gods will.
He alſo ſaid, when that you Curſed are,
Then you ſhould Bleſs; when Perſecuted, bear
It patiently, and Pray for Enemies,
Do Good to thoſe that hate you; none deſpiſe,
Becauſe they are not now juſt as you are:
The time may come, they may Gods Image bear,
Though now Adverſe, Idolatrous and Vain,
The time may come, they Mercy may obtain.
If now their Way be Falſe, Erroneous, and
Not Right, in time, they Truth may underſtand.
The beſt way then, is ſtill to let them live,
And let your Light ſo ſhine, as it may give
A better Underſtanding, that they may
Receive the Truth, and walk in the Right way:

After

After this manner Christ his Scholars taught;
And those 'teach otherwise, their Doctrine's naught,
They ne'er did learn it of the Light, the Lamb.
For Persecution from the Devil came;
'Tis he that sets men to this Work, and they
Shall of him have their Wages and their Pay.
Therefore let none, that this bad Work attend
Expect Good Wages in their latter end.
Their Work is bad, and their Reward will be
Gnashing of Teeth to all Eternitie.
Thus much concerning Persecution here,
A thing from which all Christians should keep clear.

LOrd God Eternal! by thy mighty Power
Preserve, I pray thee, in the approaching hour,
Thy Lambs, thy Babes, thy little Ones, yea, all
Who in Thee trust, and on thy Name do call.
Support them (Lord) by thine Out-stretched Hand,
And give them boldness valiantly to stand
True Witnesses for thee, thy Truth and Light,
And bear their Testimony (in despite
Of Wicked Men, who wilfully oppose
That saving Light, their deeds of Darkness shows)
'Gainst their false Worships and Idolatry,
Which holds the Seed in sore Captivity,
That so the Righteous Seed o're all may rise
To praise thy holy Name, thou only Wise,
To whom be Glory, Honour and Renown,
Who only worthy art to wear the Crown.

Concerning the Philoſophers Stone.

BLeſt is that man can want and can abound,
And reſt Content in all ſtates, he hath found
That precious Pearl, much hidden and unknown,
Which may be term'd the *Philoſophers Stone*;
For it turns all to Good, the chiefeſt Gold.
What-e'er it haps on, either Heat or Cold,
Sun-ſhine or Rain, Riches or Poverty,
Stripes or Reproaches, all things well comply;
And with this *Stone* ſo joyntly mix and change,
Its courſe moſt ſwift, throughout y World doth range,
And by its ſublime Vertue ſtill convert
All things to Riches and great Joy of Heart.
Preſs forwards, *Chymiſts*, and this *Stone* attain;
For 'tis the *Summum Bonum*, and the main
Point of Religion and Divinity.
Thus in Gods hand in true Content to lie,
And at the ordering of his mighty Power,
With true ſubmiſſiveneſs, even every hour,
In ſtill and quiet Reſignation ſtand
To his diſpoſing Providential hand.

Con-

Concerning Covetouſneſs.

THere is a *Sin* too much liv'd in,
It many *Cloakes* doth wear.
Theſe *Cloakes* much *us'd* and much *abus'd*,
Are almoſt grown *Threed bare*.
The *Rich Men* yet theſe *Cloakes* will get,
And wear *them* frequently,
As if ſo be no one could ſee
What under *them* doth lie.
Alas! Alas! theſe *Cloakes* may paſs
Avarice to cover,
Yet all won't do, to tell them true,
Though *wrapt* over and over.
This *Sin* which hath ſo many *Cloakes*,
Is named *Covetouſneſs*;
Here ye may ſee *Idolatry*
In *ſome* great things profeſs,
Although this *ſin* ſo much liv'd in
Be meer *Idolatry*;
Say what one will, they'l live in't ſtill,
'Tis *Truth*, none can deny.

Concerning Pride, Avarice and Luxury.

Pride, Avarice and Luxury, these three
Are Evils great, avoided for to be,
By all who Christ profess, and bare his Name;
His Life and Doctrine did condemn the same:
Pride was the Evil, which did first prevail
Mis'ry (on all, through Adam) to entail.
Pride and Self-love desires to grow so great,
Persues, and craves to know what is not meet;
And when obtain'd, it works a strange exchange,
Drives out from Paradise, on Earth to range.

So Pride before Destruction goes, and all
That are of Haughty minds must have a fall.

Proud man God did resist, and doth so still,
But doth the Humble teach to do his Will.
His Will then done, Man does enjoy Gods Peace,
Rests in his Sabbath, and from Sin doth cease.

Avarice is an Evil great indeed,
Because from it all Evils do proceed.
A Root of Mischief, 'tis Idolatry,
A Sin from which we all should swiftly fly.
But having touch'd on this great Sin before,
The less need say, and so now pass it o're.

Luxury next is that of which I write,
An Evil great to indulge th' Appetite.
'Tis an Excess of Pleasure and Self-ease,
With Christian moderation ne're agrees.
To say, What shall we eat, or drink, or weare,
It was the Gentiles for those things took care.
But Christ to his Disciples thus did say,
Take ye not thought; he shew'd another way.
First seek Gods Kingdom, and his Righteousness,
All other things the Lord will add and bless,
By which those that Luxuriously did feed,
And drink excessive, are reprov'd indeed.
Indeed the same severe Reproof doth merit;
For those it use, strange Mischiefs shall inherit,
Not only to their Bodies and Estates,
But on their Souls brings burdens and great weights,
Impareth Health, it shortens Life, and still
Unfits the mind to do Gods holy Will.
And those in Luxury and Self-ease dwell,
Forget God, so must be turn'd into Hell.

There's One thing more, to you I now may name,
Apparels, first ordained to hide mans shame.
And why of these should man be proud, I pray?
And for what reason should they be so gay?
Since the first Coat, which Adam wore, was spun
By Sin, a Threed and Work hath all undone.
Why then should Man use so much Cost and Care,
His Lapse to show, thus trim the Badge to wear,

As

As if to all he meets, he would impart
His **Innocency** loſt, and **Pride** of's Heart.

Well, this I ſay, **Pride**, **Avarice** and all
Luxurious ways, ſprung up through **Adam's** Fall;
And as Man comes to be **Reſtor'd** again
By Chriſt, theſe **Sins** are mortifi'd and ſlain.
But thoſe live in ſuch **Evils** and **Excels**,
Be no good **Chriſtians**, what e're they profeſs.

TEMPERANCE is a Vertue choice and rare,
(This **Age**) theſe Trees are ſcarce, ſuch **Fruit** doth bear.
This is an **Age**, **Intemperance** and **Sin**
Too much in **Faſhion** is, too much **liv'd** in;
An **Age** ſo ſtrange, in which ſome ſtrangely deem,
None can be **Loyal**, **Temperance** eſteem.
Temperance ſeems as baniſh'd from our Land,
While **Healths** and **Huzza's** in repute do ſtand.
Temperance yet good Men will highly prize,
It always was much valu'd by the Wiſe,
Becauſe it leads in Ways, preſerveth Health,
Ought more to be prefer'd than earthly Pelf:
The **Contrary**, great Ill Convenience brings;
Moſt of Diſeaſes from **Intemperance** ſprings.
Extreams. Exceſs in Meat and Drink, anoy,
They hurt the Mind, and Body do deſtroy.
Therefore the beſt Advice that I can give,
Is **Abſtinence**, not too much to receive.
More are deſtroy'd by **Superfluity**,
And dye, than thoſe through **Want** and **Penury**.

Beſides the **Sin** is great, men can't enjoy
Gods Mercies and his Bleſſings, but deſtroy
And ſpend the Creatures on their ſinful Luſt,
Offending God, provoking of the Juſt,
To bring their Heads down low unto the Duſt.

IF **Health** and **Happineſs** thou wilt obtain,
From **Coſtly Food**, **Rich Dainties** then refrain.
If **Health** and **Happineſs** thou highly priſe,
Not many **Diſhes** uſe, **Two** may ſuffiſe;
For many ſorts of **Food** not well agrees,
Hinders **Digeſtion** and breeds **Crudities**.
The firſt **Concoction** then, if not made well,
The **next** can't mend it, as Phyſitians tell.
The meaner **Food** and ſimple Diet plain,
The Bodies **health** moſt bravely doth maintain.
An Healthful Body and a Quiet Mind
Amongſt the Epicures, who can them find!
What Health, or Strength, or Peace, or Quietneſs
Can thoſe enjoy, live daily in Exceſs?

If **happineſs** in Health a man may find,
Surely **much happineſs** in a clean Mind.

A Man whoſe Mind is Holy, Humble, Pure,
A **Treaſure** hath that alwayes will endure.

God gives his Creatures unto Man to uſe,
But Gods good Creatures many do abuſe.
And on their ſinful Luſts do ſpend the ſame,
Him they diſhonour and blaſpheme his Name.

Con-

Concerning the Crols of Chriſt.

THe Crols of Chriſt, the Power of God,
The Enmity doth ſlay,
And bring the Soul from Death to Life,
From Darkneſs to Lights Day.
The Crols of Chriſt, the Power of God,
O're Hell Gates doth prevail;
Whoever in the ſame doth truſt,
To help, it ne're doth fail.
The Crols of Chriſt, the Power of God,
To Jews a Stumbling-Block,
Unto Believers precious is
Elect, their only Rock.
The Crols of Chriſt, the Power of God,
To Greecians Fooliſhneſs:
They after earthly Wildom ſeek,
But Folly do poſſes.
He that doth not take up Chriſts Crols,
And bear it willingly,
Cannot be Chriſts Diſciple, till
Himſelf he doth deny.
The Crols of Chriſt preſerves from Sin,
And all who with it dwell
Are ranſomed from Death and the Grave,
And all the Powers of Hell.
True Chriſtians love the Crols of Chriſt,
And highly prize the ſame;
They greatly do rejoyce therein
To ſuffer for Chriſts Name.

Con-

Concerning the Soul's Travail after the Knowledge of the Right Way.

THere was a time in days by paſt,
When in my tender Years
I greatly cry'd unto the Lord,
To free me from my Fears.
My Fears, and Doubts, and Queſtionings,
Which greatly did attend,
Leſt that I ſhould miſs of **that Way**
Leads to an happy End.
That **Way** in which the Lord alone,
To ſerve, I might be ſure,
That **Way** in which he's worſhipped,
By ſuch whoſe hearts are pure,
Who do the **Face** of God behold,
And ſee his Glory great;
This was the thing I more long'd for,
Then for my natural Meat.
Then as I cry'd, and ſought the Lord
The **Right Way** for to know,
The Lord was pleas'd in his due time
The ſame to me to ſhow.
But whilſt among the **Watch-men** of
The **Night** I did enquire
The **Way**, and my **Beloved** ſeek,
Whom my **Soul** did deſire,

I could not find the Way, nor yet
See my Belovod dear,
Till past **blind Guides** and **watch-men** of
The **Night** I was got clear.
One cry'd **lo here**, and one **lo there**;
One **that's** the **way**, one **this**;
So I still here was in great fear,
Lest **Right way** I should miss.
For all their Sounds **Uncertain** were,
Their Trumpets did not blow,
So as to give a **certain** Sound,
And Right **way** for to show.
For all their Sounds, and Cryes and Calls
Were unto things **without**,
Wherein no Certainty was found
For to resolve my **doubt**:
Then I remembr'd Christ foretold,
When some **lo here** shall say,
And some **lo there**, then go not forth
After them in their **way**.
For Heavens Kingdom is **within**,
And who the Way will find,
Which unto Rest and Peace doth lead,
Turn **Inward** must his mind.
For what is to be known of God
within is manifest;
And till the Mind be **Inward** turn'd,
None finds the way to Rest.

For till unto the **Light within**,
And gift of Gods Grace free,
The Mind and Heart of man be turn'd
The **Right way**, he cannot ſee.
Therefore the great concern of all,
Who after God doth ſeek,
And long to know his Way and Truth,
Is to be low and meek.
For thoſe who **Meek** and **Humble** are,
The Lord will teach his Ways,
And raiſe them up by his great Power,
For to ſhew forth his Praiſe,
And as the Lord in mercy did
To me his Truth reveal,
So I will publiſh loud the ſame,
And not the Truth conceal.
Becauſe I know the living God
Would **all** the **Truth** ſhould know,
And none periſh for want thereof,
Nor to Deſtruction go.
For God that did all Nations make
Of one Blood, for to dwell
Upon the face of the whole Earth,
Wills **None** ſhould go to Hell.
He made not man to be **deſtroy'd**,
But for a better end,
Namely, to **ſerve** and **worſhip him**,
And on him to depend.

The purpoſe of Almighty God,
Was man might glorifie,
And honour his Creator great,
To all Eternity.
And not live unto himſelf,
Nor Satan ſerve in Sin,
With Luſt o'th' fleſh or Luſt o'th' eye,
Nor Pride of Life live in.
For Such things they are not of God,
But of the wicked World;
And all that from them ben't Redeem'd
Muſt into th' Pit be hurl'd.

Now to the end that all Mankind
Might anſwer Gods deſigne,
He his good Spirit freely gives,
And thoſe, ſo it incline
Their Ears, and hearken what it ſaith,
And do the ſame obey,
Be ſure therein they cannot Err,
Nor miſs Gods Perfect way.

The way of Light the way wherein
The juſt men all did go,
The way of Life, the way of Truth,
The right way all do know,
Who walk therein, it is the way
That leads to Peace and Reſt,
The Juſt Mans Path, a ſhining Light,
All walk therein are bleſt.

This is the Path Abel trod in,
And Abraham alſo;
Our Fathers Iſaac and Jacob
In this ſame way did go.
It is a way the Vulters Eye
Can't ſee; no Ravenous Beaſt
Can tread or ſet a foot therein;
Nay, nor no Hireling Prieſt.
It is a way for Ranſom'd Ones
From the Earth are Redeem'd;
Thoſe walk therein are lov'd of God,
Though by men diſ-eſteem'd.

Bleſt be the time in which this way
And Day Light did appear,
Which leads to God out of all Sin,
And frees from ſlaviſh Fear.
And frees from wrath and Vengeance ſore,
For Evil Deeds is due;
Which is the Portion o'th' Unjuſt,
The Scriptures plainly ſhew.

Bleſt be the time in which this way
And Truth and Light did ſhine
To th' ſatisfaction of my Soul,
That for the ſame did pine.
I hungred after Bread of Life,
And thirſted for Drink ſore,
That Bread and Drink, which who receive,
Ne're hunger nor thirſt more.

That

That is to ſay, for other Food,
Or other Drink, but ſtill
They daily pray unto the Lord,
Thereof to have their fill,
For they that hunger, and do thirſt
For Righteouſneſs moſt pure,
Are bleſt of God, and ſhall receive
Mercies that will endure.

And now the goodneſs of the Lord,
In making known his way,
And gathering out of the by-paths,
Where many go aſtray.
And feeding of my hungry Soul
With Bread, and Peace, and Reſt,
Doth me conſtrain ſtill to declare,
His Name forever bleſt,
Who has done more for my poor Soul,
Then I could ask or think.
'Tis ſaid in times of Ignorance,
(By paſt) the Lord did wink;
But now the Lord to all men calls,
Repentance for to make,
And from their ſinful ways return,
Or elſe go into th' Lake.

'Tis not he that Lord, Lord, ſhall ſay,
But he that doth Gods Will,
And through great Tribulations goes,
Shall ſtand on Zions Hill,

With Harps in hands, ſinging aloud,
Praiſes to God moſt High.
Such they love not their Lives to Death,
But for the Truth can dye.
And thoſe that can dye for the Truth,
And for Truth loſe their All,
They are the Sons of the moſt High,
And have obey'd his Call.
They are a choſen People, and
A Generation pure,
A Royal Prieſthood unto God,
That ſhall for aye endure.

Concerning the breaking forth of the Word and Power of God.

WHen God appeared in his **Power**,
In his great **Love** and **Light**,
And to the Sons of men made **bare**
His glorious Arm of Might:
When by his **Word** he brake their Hearts,
Which hardned were by **Sin**,
And clear'd their Underſtandings dark,
By **Light** ſhining **within**.
Then did they feel and ſee and know,
And underſtand aright,
That all the works which they had wrought
Were but toiling i'th' Night,

Though

Though they did read, and pray, and preach,
And frequently attend
Duties and Exercise (so call'd)
From Weeks end to Weeks end.
Yet being err'd in mind from that
Which is the ground, wherein
All Sacrifice accepted is,
Which from the same doth spring;
To wit, the Spirit of the Lord,
And gift of his free Grace,
Without the which none can approach
To God, nor see his Face.
What e're such said, or thought, or did,
It sinful was and vain,
Their Offerings did no more please God,
Than if a Dog were slain.
And when by Light, and Truth, and Grace,
These things were understood,
Then from Self-acting they did cease,
For that could do no good.
And into Silence they were brought
On God alone to wait,
That in that Way they now might go,
Which Narrow is, and Straight.
And in those pleasant Rivers swim,
Where no Galley with Oars,
Nor gallent Ship can pass thereby
I'th' Channel, nor near Shores.

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To wit, the Spirit of the Lord,
And gift of his free Grace,
Without the which none can approach
To God, nor ſee his Face.
What e're ſuch ſaid, or thought, or did,
It ſinful was and vain,
Their Offerings did no more pleaſe God,
Than if a Dog were ſlain.
And when by Light, and Truth, and Grace,
Theſe things were underſtood,
Then from Self-acting they did ceaſe,
For that could do no good.
And into Silence they were brought
On God alone to wait,
That in that Way they now might go,
Which Narrow is, and Straight.
And in thoſe pleaſant Rivers ſwim,
Where no Galley with Oars,
Nor gallent Ship can paſs thereby
I'th' Channel, nor near Shores.

Where Self no Reputation hath,
But Man's Will must be slain,
And all the Glory of proud flesh
Into the Dust be lain,
Where all Flesh must be silenced,
And Death not dare to speak;
No Woman in Transgression here,
Nor Man i'th' Fall so weak,
But only they whose Hearts the Lord
Prepares, whose Tongues also
The Lord hath touch't with a live Coal,
None else his Praise can show.

And till the Lord doth touch their Hearts,
And open their Mouthes wide,
In pure Retiredness they wait,
In silence they abide.
And when in silence they do wait,
And on the Lord attend,
To do what he commandeth them,
And go where he doth send.

They do not Speak until they feel
His Word which is a Fire,
Within their Breast to burn, as they
To him their Minds retire.

Some then offended are hereat,
When they thus on God wait,
And say, no Profit can be known
In such a Silent state.

What

VVhat benefit can be (ſay ſome)
VVhen none do Preach nor Pray,
But Dumb and Silent do remain,
It may be all the Day?
Thus they, who call their Tongues their own,
Too much can Prate and Talk,
And gird themſelves, do as they liſt,
And where they pleaſe will walk.

But ſuch as know the Lord to gird,
And lead them in that way,
In which they would not go, when they
Formerly went aſtray.
They dare not Speak their own words then,
Their Tongues are not their own;
That Member ſo unruly was,
A Taming time has known.

Then as the work of God is wrought
Upon the Heart within,
And Tongue is tam'd, by that great Power
Which frees the Soul from Sin:
Such they can open wide their Mouthes
Gods VVorks for to declare,
And what they meet with for the ſame
Inabled are to bear.
For they are paſt the Fear of man,
The Lord alone they fear,
And preach the Goſpel-Power, that all
The ſound thereof may hear.

Inſtant in **Seaſon** they are found,
And out of **Seaſon** too,
Alway in readineſs the VVill
And Work of God to do.
And if by ſome they are forbid
Thus to **Preach** in Chriſts **Name**,
More bold, and more couragiouſly
They do declare the **Same**.

The more the **Truth** oppoſed is,
The more the **Truth** doth thrive,
Like Camemile, the more oppreſt,
The more it doth revive.

Truth may be blam'd, cannot be ſhamed;
Truth ſtronger is than all,
And all that dwell therein ſhall ſtand,
When **Babylon** ſhall fall.
Myſtery Babylon the great,
Mother of **Harlots**, ſhe,
Like to a Mill-ſtone ſhall be thrown,
And caſt into the Sea.

Concerning God's Powerful and Glorious Preſence.

THe **Preſence** of the Living God,
And working of **his Power**,
Doth rend the Rocks, and ſcatter Clouds,
His Name is a ſtrong Tower,

To which the Righteous fly apace,
And there in ſafety dwell;
It alſo precious Oyntment is,
The Virgins wiſe can tell.
The Preſence of the Living God
Is comfortable, and
Great Pleaſures are forever more,
Enjoy'd at his Right-hand:
In his pure Preſence there is Life,
And Peace, and Joy, and Reſt,
And thoſe that do not know the Same,
What they enjoy, e'nt bleſt.
The Hills flow down, the Mountains move,
The Earth doth reell and ſhake
At the great Preſence of the Lord,
Who all the World did make,
Therefore the Preſence of the Lord,
From it where can man fly?
If he deſcend into the Deep,
Or mount up to the Sky;
Or do the Wings o'th' Morning take,
And to the Earth's end go,
The Preſence of the Lord is there,
Man's Thoughts to him to ſhow.
The Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
For ſo is call'd his Name,
Who did the Mountains form, the Winds
Create, and all things frame.

The Upright in his Preſence dwell,
And thanks to him do give,
For Mercies that from time to time,
From him they do receive.
But thoſe that walk in ſinful ways,
And in Uncleanneſs dwell,
Shall from the Preſence of the Lord
Be driven into Hell.

Concerning Maintenance for the Poor.

IN antient days, as we may read
In *Deutronomy* plain,
The Lord ordained ways and means,
The Poor for to maintain.
Yea, he took care, and gave ſtrict charge,
The Poor Reliev'd might be.
As alſo in *Leviticus*,
We may both read and ſee;
And in the Book of *Samuell*,
God made both Rich and Poor;
He lifteth up and bringeth low,
Let all his Power adore.
The Perſons of the Princes great
Accepteth not the Lord,
Nor more regards the Rich than Poor,
He made both by his Word.

The Rich, who do the Poor deſpiſe,
And Needy Ones diſdain,
The time will come, that all their Wealth
Can't free them from their Pain,
The expectation of the Poor
Shall periſh not, nor fail,
Though Wicked men them perſecute,
And in Pride, them aſſail.

The Proud lay wait to catch the Poor,
Their Eyes are priv'ly ſet;
The Needy they ſeek to enſnare,
And take them in their Net.
But they are bleſt who do the Poor
In their Diſtreſs conſider,
And help the Needy in their ſtraits,
Their Leaf ſhall not ſoon wither.
The Lord will certainly maintain
The juſt Right of the Poor,
The Cauſe of the afflicted Ones,
For-a'ye and evermore.
Although his Neighbours hate the Poor,
And Brethren him deſpiſe,
Much Food is in his tillage, and
A Bleſſing on it lies.
Whoever do the Poor Oppreſs,
And to them are unkind,
They do diſhonour God, them made,
I'th' Scripture we ſo find.

We alſo read, that man is bleſt
Hath a Bountiful Eye,
Becauſe his Bread unto the Poor
He gives, when they do cry.

The Churle doth ill devices make
For to deſtroy the Poor;
And them to ſlay with Lying words,
That they may riſe no more.
The Perſon Vile no more ſhall be
A Liberal man eſteem'd,
Nor yet the Churle thought Bountiful,
It muſt not ſo be deem'd.
The Poor who walk in Uprightneſs,
And in Gods fear do dwell,
Are better than the Rich, Perverſe,
Whoſe ways lead down to Hell.
He that unto the Poor doth give,
Sha'nt lack in time of need;
But he that hides his Eyes ſhall have
Many a Curſe indeed.
Doth not the God of Heaven and Earth
The Poor of this world chuſe?
Doth not the Lord reject the Rich,
No kindneſs to them ſhews?
The Rich and Poor together meet,
The Lord them both did make,
And though the Rich regard them not,
God for them care will take.

Concerning the Uncertainty of Worldly Riches.

AS doth the Eagle ſoar aloft,
And towards the Heavens fly,
So **Riches** to themſelves make **Wings**,
Gone from us by and by.
No Certainty nor Confidence
A man can in **them** have:
His precious Soul **they** can't Redeem,
Nor Ranſom from the Grave.
Thoſe that **them** eagerly perſue,
And to grow **Rich** make haſte,
Do oft into great Michiefs **fall**,
And Heritage lay waſte.
Therefore 'tis good, content to be
With **what** the Lord doth give,
And whether thou be **Rich** or **Poor**,
Still in Gods Fear to live.
Mans Happineſs and Life don't ſtand
In his **Abundance** great;
Therefore let all contented **be**,
Not wanting Clothes and **Meat**.
For who ſo to **Content** is come,
A Treaſure hath before
That man whoſe Barnes are fill'd and throng'd,
So full they'l hold no more.

The

The **Cares** and **Riches** of this World,
The good Seed oft doth choak;
When ſome grow Rich, then they grow High
And ſo caſts off Chriſt's Yoak.
Therefore ſaid Chriſt, How hard it is
For thoſe have **Riches** ſtore
Into Gods Kingdom for to go;
More eaſie for the **Poor**.
How ſorrowful it made th' Young Man,
Chriſt ſaid, lack'd **One thing** more,
Which was, to **Sell all** that he had,
And give't unto the **Poor**,
And thou in Heaven **Rich** ſhalt be,
And come and follow me:
But having great **Poſſeſſions** here,
How ſorrowful was he!
More eaſie for a **Camel** 'tis
A Needles Eye go through,
Than for a **rich man**, as ſaith Chriſt,
Gods Kingdom get into.

The Widdows Mites, which ſhe caſt in,
The **Treaſury** was **more**,
Than all the reſt, what they caſt in
Of their abundant ſtore.

A Lamentation and Warning for England.

OH, England! England! ſurely now
Thy caſe is very ſad,
When many in thy Borders are
So wicked grown, and bad.
That at good men they make a Scoff,
At Purity deride,
Diſdain the name of Holineſs,
Exalted in their Pride.
Contemn the Worſhip of the Lord
In Spirit and in Truth;
This is a ſtate to be lament,
In old men and in Youth.
Becauſe of Oathes the Land doth Mourn,
Swearing is grown ſo great,
Daming and Sinking may be heard
Too frequent in the Street.
Curſings, Plague-rot and God-confound
So commonly are uſed,
With Gluttony and Drunkenneſs,
Gods Mercies are abuſed.

Moreover and beſides all this,
Wicked Informers are
By ſome too much encouraged,
Chriſts flock to rend and tear.

Their

Their Goods to Spoil, Houſes Rifle,
And them in Priſon caſt,
And go on ſtill to work that ill,
Will Ruin bring at laſt.
But if theſe things encourag'd be,
And no ſtop put thereto,
The End will but **Deſtruction** bring,
And **Nation** quite **undo**.
For certainly the God of Truth,
That doth in Heaven dwell,
His great Diſpleaſure will make known,
For ſuch things, I fore-tell.
But though to thee, I tell the ſame,
Yet ſome will not regard,
But ſtill will Mock at Warnings fair,
Their Hearts are grown ſo hard.
E're long the time will come, in which
A Reckoning God will make,
With them that do **his People** wrong,
And from them their Goods take.
'Tis not for **Evil they** have done,
But only and alone,
For **worſhipping** and **ſerving** him,
Who is the Holy One.
Yea, certainly the thing is ſtrange,
Did you the like e're hear,
If one do either **Preach** or **Pray**,
He **Fined** is ſevere?

And if one neither Preach nor Pray,
But with Gods People meet,
Although in Silence they remain,
In Meeting-Houſe or Street.
Then this is deem'd a Crime ſo great,
Some ſay, they won't it bear;
And threaten, if they ſtand i'th' Street,
A Riot they will ſwear.
They chuſe not in the Street to ſtand,
But forced by Conſtraint
Out of their hired Houſes, then
To meet i'th' Streets are faint.
In Peace and Quietneſs they ſtand,
Upon the Lord to wait,
That ſo their Strength renew'd may be,
And bettered in their ſtate.
For this they know, their Duty is,
Aſſembled for to be,
And wait upon and Worſhip God
In true Sinceritie.
And God, the Searcher of all Hearts,
He their Intent doth know,
That for no other end they Meet,
And to Aſſemblies go.
They are a People principl'd,
Their Practice has made known,
No wrong to do, nor ſeek revenge;
Good Will towards all they've ſhown.

Their Principle and Practice is,
Superiors to Obey,
And do thoſe things which they require,
Wherein God don't ſay Nay.
But if it happen to fall out,
Some things they have enjoyn'd,
The Lord contrary-wiſe requires,
I'th' Scriptures ye do find.
It better is, God to Obey,
Than ſubject be to Man;
To This all good Men do agree,
Let reſt ſay what they can.
Their Meetings are Religious, and
Moſt Peaceable and Quiet,
And yet ſome Vile Ungodly Men,
Swears thus meeting, a Riot.
Where nothing Riotous appears
In Words, Deeds, nor Intent,
And yet they'l boldly ſwear the ſame,
So wickedly they're bent.
But certainly tho time's at hand,
God will his Children dear,
That ſerve him uprightly in Truth,
From all falſe Charges clear.
And they that wrongfully accuſe,
And hate them without cauſe,
Shall bear his Righteous Judgment fierce,
And Rigour of his Laws.

Who Rigorous to his Lambs have been,
Severe beyond all Reaſon,
Conſpirators againſt the Lamb,
And guilty of High-Treaſon.
They at his Bar of Juſtice then
Arraigned all ſhall be,
And ſentence from the Judge receive
For their Iniquitie.
Depart from me, ye Workers of
Iniquity and Sin
Unto the place prepar'd of old,
Tophet 'tis call'd, wherein
The Worm ne're dyes, and Fire burns
Exceeding hot and fierce;
A flame of Brimſtone kindleth it,
Where Piles of Wood's not ſcarce.
In Everlaſting Torments, they
Their Teeth ſhall gnaſh with Pain:
In Chains of Darkneſs they'l be bound,
Not to be free'd again.
Therefore to thoſe that perſecute
The Righteous and the Juſt,
I ſay, Repent, before God ſay,
Depart from me, ye Curſt;
For if Repentance ye don't know,
And from theſe Evils ceaſe,
Then into Thraldom muſt you go;
Ne're more to have releaſe.

And what you have to good Men done,
And that without juſt cauſe,
The ſame to you, ſhall meaſur'd be,
By thoſe contemn your Laws.

Oh! that my Native **Country-men**,
And Subjects of this **Realm**,
To Moderation might incline,
And thoſe ſet at the **Helm**,
The **Cry** of the **Oppreſſed**, and
The **Caſe** of all the **Poor**
Would hear, and thoſe in **Goals** now lie,
To Freedom would reſtore:
And grant to all the **Iſraelites**
Free leave to **ſerve** the **Lord**,
And go to **New-Jeruſal'm**, to
Praiſe him with one accord.
Then **Bleſſings** from above will come
Upon this Nation great:
The Nations round about ſhall all
Not only hear, but ſee't.
When **Truth** and **Righteouſneſs** prevails,
Juſtice and **Judgment** to,
The want of **which**, where-e're it be,
That Nation will undo.
Where **Judges** for **Rewards** do judge,
More then the Caſe o'th' Poor,
The Righteous Judge of Heav'n and Earth
Will **judge** with **Vengeance** ſore.

Where

Where Priests that preach are Hirelings found,
And tear the Wool from Sheep,
They Shepherds are, void of Gods fear,
Not fit his his flock to keep.
And God, whose Eye goes to and fro,
And all things doth behold,
His Controversie with them's great,
As Prophets said of old.

That Light is come, and now doth shine,
False Teachers doth discover,
And It must break forth more and more,
And spread all Nations over,
For to discover Babylon,
And all her Merchants great,
That so the Whore may reign no more,
But come down from her Seat.
She long has sate and reign'd as Queen,
No Sorrow she would see,
But now the time's at hand, in which
Will come her Destinie.
She long the Blood of Saints hath drunk,
'Cause from Truth they'd not turn.
But now the Kings shall hate the Whore,
Her flesh with Fire burn.

B. A.

A Tripple Plea.

LAW, *Phyſick* and *Divinitie*,
Were at a jarr, could not agree,
To prove their Right, which of all three
Should have *Superioritie*.

The *Law* pleads, It preſerves *Mens Lands*,
And keeps their Goods from Ravenous Hands,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have *Superioritie*.

Phyſick preſcribes Receipts for *Health*,
Which men prefer before their Wealth,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have *Superioritie*.

Then ſteps up the *Prieſt* demure,
That of mens Souls takes *Care* and *Cure*,
Therefore of Right challengeth he
To have *Superioritie*.

Let

A Tripple Plea.

LEt *Judges* judge this *Tripple-Plea*,
Then *Lawyers* ſhall bear all the Sway.
Let *Empiricks* their Verdict give,
Phyſitians moſt of all ſhall thrive.

Let *Biſhops* be Judge in this caſe,
Then *Prieſts* ſhall have the higheſt place.
Let Honeſt, Sober, Wiſe Men judge,
Then all theſe three away may trudge.

For let men live in *Peace* and *Love*,
The *Lawyers* Tricks they need not prove.
Let men forbear *Exceſs* and *Riot*,
They need not live by *Phyſicks Diet*.

Let men attend what *God* doth *Teach*,
They need not care what *Prieſt* doth *Preach*.
But if men Fools and Knaves will be,
They ſhall be Aſs-rid of all *Three*.

THe Day of God doth now draw nigh,
From which the Wicked fain would fly,
Which Day diſcovers all their Deeds,
And plainly ſhews they are but Weeds,
And fit for nothing but the Fire,
And to be burned in Gods Ire,
Who now will throughly purge his Floore,
And ſave the Wheat for evermore.

Chriſt is the Door, he is the Way,
Where all ſhould walk, where none can ſtray;
Turn in thy mind without delay,
That thou mayſt joy in Gods pure Day.

To God Moſt-high, Antient of Dayes,
My Soul aloud doth ſound forth Praiſe;
This is the thirſting of my Heart,
That God his Love would more impart.

My Soul doth magnifie the God of Light,
For my Redemption great out of the Night;
Bleſſing and Praiſe to him for evermore,
Who hath inricht me with his heavenly ſtore,
And gave me Entrance in by Chriſt the Door,
To dwell with him now, and for evermore.
Glory and Praiſe be unto God, I ſay,
Who brought me from the Night into the Day.

How

HOw fresh and green Things are in time of Spring?
How sweetly then the Turtle Dove doth Sing?
A heavenly Song of Praises pure I hear,
The time of my Redemption now draws near,
Praises pure, Praises unto God forever,
Who by his Word my Soul from Sin doth sever,
And fit the same, to enjoy endless Life,
By perfect Freedom from all Jars and Strife,
To live in Peace, and in a joyful state,
With Christ, my Head, my Portion, and my Mate.
Now I no longer in the World may dwell,
To me to live therein, seems like to Hell.
The Course of the whole World, which lies in Sin,
Too much therein I heretofore have bin,
But now my Life it stands in God most pure,
And here, O Lord, let me for a'ye indure.
And when that Satan did draw out my Mind,
I oft did in me hear a Voice behind,
Which said to me, Keep to the Good within,
For by It thou mayst be preserv'd from Sin:
Keep to its Teachings, and mark the effect,
For by Its Power, All Sin thou mayst reject;
Of this thou need in no wise for to doubt,
For by Its Power the Devils are cast out,
And that State known, that's always pure and clean,
Wherein no Spot nor Wrinkle can be seen;

And here the Soul may now for a'ye Rejoyce,
And Praiſe the Lord with a pure holy Voice.

The Lord hath often knocked in my Breaſt,
That my Immortal Soul might have its Reſt,
And be Redeem'd from all that hath oppreſt,
To have my Life in Freedom, which is beſt.
And ſo know Death through Life deſtroyed quite,
And Mortal cloathed with Immortal Light.

THe Day of God moſt holy is and pure,
Which Day and Light the Sinner can't endure;
He hates the Light appearing in his Heart,
Becauſe the coming of it is his ſmart;
For as an Oven, it will fiercely burn
All that is bad, and to Truth will not turn;
Yea, all that is in Man, it now will try,
And all that is Impure muſt ſurely dye,
And be conſum'd, as with a burning Fire,
And be deſtroyed in Gods dreadful Ire;
So only that which can the Fire endure
Shall ſtand, and ſo come forth holy and pure
And ſhall be crowned with a Crown of Life,
Prepared as a Bride, and the Lamb's Wife.

Therefore ye Sinners hear, leſt that ye dye;
The Voice of Chriſt, Gods Son, with him comply,
Who is the Saviour great, and kiſs him ſtraite,
And to him bow, before it be too late,

And

And take his Counſel; for I plainly tell,
Thoſe that reject the ſame, go down to Hell.
Therefore with ſpeed, come turn your Minds within,
Obey that Voice which doth reprove for Sin,
And ſay, This is the way, come walk in it,
That you with me upon my Throne may ſit:
Go not therefore in Ways and Works of Evil,
No longer live in Sin, and ſerve the Devil;
But follow me in thoſe Ways that are pure,
For dark and ſinful Ways I can't endure;
My Soul in all reſpects doth loathe the ſame,
Thoſe walk therein, diſhonour Gods pure Name:
My Counſel heed, and do not run before,
Incline not to the Spirit of the whore,
Her Cup of Wine, is Fornication great,
Vials of Wrath ſhall come upon her Seat.

THe Lord doth feed his Flock and give them Reſt
In pleaſant Paſtures, where they richly feaſt,
And drink of Shiloes Brooks that run ſo clear,
For they only, the living God do fear;
They hear his Voice, and do his will aright,
In Holy things their Souls have great delight.
But this unto the Sinner ſeemeth ſtrange,
Whoſe great delight in Darkneſs is to range
And rove about, and from the good to raven,
Walking in ſinful Ways, yet hope for Heaven.

'Tis

'Tis a false Hope, the Hope of th' Hypocrite,
It leads not out of Darkness into Light;
Therefore that Hope, I say, trust to no more,
But come to Christ within, the Hope, the Door;
Come from that place where Satan has his station,
Enter the Kingdom through great Tribulation;
For all that will live godly in Christ, they
Shall meet with Persecution in their Way;
But God preserves the Humble and the Meek,
The Proud and Persecutors Head he'l break.
Therefore thy Neck subject unto Christ's Yoke,
Fear not, thy Bands, though strong, shall all be broke.
His Yoke is easie, Burden light, and shall
Give to thee Rest, and bring out of the Fall,
Into that Way, which narrow is and straite;
Bow to his Yoke before it be too late.

J. C.

THE END.

Page 9. line 8. read *look not thou thereon*, l. 16. r *leasure*. p. 10. l. 9. dele *who*, l. 24. for *placed* r. *plac'd*. p. 14. l. 23. f. *doth* r. *do*. p. 16. l. 26. r. *like to a post*.